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UNE FOLIE.

A

COMICK OPERA,

IN TWO ACTS.

BEING A

TRANSLATION FROM THE ORIGINAL

OF

Love Laughs at Locksmiths.

A Piece performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET,

WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE.

London:

PRINTED FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO. TEMPLE OF THE MUSES, FINSBURY SQUARE; T. HURST, PATER-NOSTER-ROW; AND C. CHAPPLE, PALL MALL.

1803.

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HAYDEN, Printer, Russell-Court,
Covent-Garden.

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ADDRESS

TO

THE PUBLICK.

THE following tranſlation from the favorite French Piece called "UNE FOLIE," was finiſhed in October 1802; and then ſhewn to an actor of eminence and reſpectability at one of the winter theatres, (under the title it now bears) who approved it, but declined bringing it forward becauſe another tranſlation was in idea.—In December following, it was ſeen by a perſon of conſequence belonging to the Haymarket Theatre, who very flatteringly ſaid, that provided it was not previouſly performed at one of the winter theatres, it might be thought an acquiſition by the manager of the Haymarket.

No further notice had been taken when the Haymarket ſeaſon commenced,—ſoon after which the tranſlator was informed, that another tranſlation of the ſame piece had been prepared, and was then in rehearſal, which appeared in July, under the title of "LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS."

The Publick are troubled with this explanation to prove, that the following tranſlation was the *firſt*: it is left for them to judge of the ſimilarity between the piece that was repreſented, and the one now ſubmitted to their peruſal.

When the piece appeared on the Haymarket ſtage, the tranſlator gave up all thoughts of the following pages ever meeting the publick eye; but as "LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS" has not yet appeared in print, the advice of ſome particular friends has induced the tranſlator humbly to preſent this, and to hope that "UNE FOLIE" will meet with an indulgent reception.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CERBERTI, (*a celebrated painter, guardian to Rosella, performed under the name of* Vigil,) - - Mr. DENMAN.

FLORIVAL, (*a cornet of light dragoons, performed under the name of* Beldare,) Mr. ELLISTON.

CARLING, (*his valet, performed under the name of* Risk,) - - - - Mr. MATTHEWS.

FRANCIS, (*an old servant of Cerberti's, performed under the name of* Totterton,) Mr. GROVES.

PETER VINE ARBOUR, (*a Gloucestershire lad, nephew to Francis, performed under the name of* Solomon Lob,) - - - - - - Mr. DE CAMP.

CARBINE, (*a soldier, performed under the name of* Dove,) - - - - - - Mr. HATTON.

ROSELLA, (*a young orphan, performed under the name of* Lydia,) - - - - Mrs. ATKINS.

The Scene is in London.

Time of representation one day.

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A

WILD GOOSE CHACE;

OR,

THE MODEL.

ACT I.

The scene represents a cross street in a frequented part of London: on one side (at the corner of the street) is the house of CERBERTI—*all the windows are grated—at the top, is a small oval window, with double bars—it faces the Pit.—Behind this house is an alley, and further back a second street, the scene being as long as the stage will admit.—On the opposite side is a large hotel, with the usual inscription on it—"Families, &c. accommodated;" several windows over the door, and a balcony.*

SCENE I.

Enter FLORIVAL, *in a huſſar uniform: he opens the door of the hotel, looks about for a moment, then calls in a low voice,*

Flo. CARLING! Carling!

Car. (*Behind the ſcenes.*) I follow, Sir.

Flo. Make haſte, 'tis broad day, ſluggard.

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Enter CARLING, *buttoning his waistcoat.*

Car. (*Aside.*) Where the devil are we to go ſo early. (*Yawns.*)

Flo. Carling, you are a good ſhrewd fellow, and this very moment, I want the aſſiſtance of your genius, management, cunning, and all thoſe arts of deception, of which I know you to be ſo completely maſter.

Car. (*Aside.*) Oh! ſome new abſurdity.

Flo. In a word, I am again in love, and on this occaſion depends all the happineſs of my life.

DUETT.—They each ſing aſide.

FLORIVAL.

Dear god of love! to *thee* I pray,
Guide my ſteps I *thee* implore,
To her, I ever ſhall adore,
Unite me on this happy day.

CARLING.

Happy I dreamt, and thor'd away—
Oh the miſery! night and day,
To wait on one that is in love,
Too much for Job himſelf, wou'd prove.

Car. And pray, Sir, who is the object of this new paſſion, that ſeems to give you ſo much uneaſineſs?

Flo. Never, never did any woman inſpire me with half the love I feel for her.

Car. Her name, Sir, if you pleaſe.

Flo. I don't know it——call her a grace, an angel, a beauty, a divinity!—One little circumſtance tho' is rather aukward for me.

Car. What's that?

Flo. Why unfortunately—

Car. Well Sir—

Flo. I have never ſeen her.

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Car. How! never ſeen her.

Flo. Never,—and yet am I dying for her.

Car. Upon my honour, Sir, this is a ſtrange affair; tho' to be ſure, I have heard of men that are more enamour'd with their own ideas, than any thing elſe.

Flo. But *this*, is dear reality.

Car. Then you are a ſecond Pygmalion. *he* form-ed a woman out of ſtone, and fell in love with her; *you*, have been at work on your own head, (which is the ſame thing) and produc'd a creature you are equally fond of; the only difference is in the materials; *he* work'd on ſtone, and *you* on rather a ſofter ſubſtance. But ſeriouſly, Sir, what does this mean?

Flo. (*ſhewing him Gerbert's houſe.*) Do you obſerve that houſe.

Car. It looks like a priſon.

Flo. It is the habitation of a celebrated hiſtorical painter:—I have diſcover'd, that he is the guardian, or rather tyrant of a young orphan.

Car. Oh ho! the murder's out.

Flo. A young orphan, whom he ſhuts from all eyes, and who is ſo beautiful, that ſhe ſerves as a model for his pictures.

Car. The ſtatue, then *is* animated.

Flo. I have remark'd in his pictures, always the *ſame* beautiful face and perſon, and learnt that his female figures were portraits of his ward; I am therefore dying to ſee her, to gain acceſs into the houſe, and in ſpite of this Argus, reſcue her from ſlavery. Thy maſter thou knoweſt is always ready to ſuccour pretty women in diſtreſs.

Car. (*Aſide.*) Aye, in or out of diſtreſs; *my* ſhoulders have often paid for your knight-errantry.

Flo. You muſt employ all your talents to procure us an introduction to this painter;—

Car. How Sir? it is'nt ſufficient that I run after ev'ry pretty woman that you meet, but now I muſt go in purſuit of one you've never ſeen! however, I obey—what's to be done?

Flo. You muſt introduce me to this man.

Car. What's his name?

Flo. The famous Cerberti.

Car. Cerberti! Ah, Sir, you'll have the devil to deal with.

Flo. You know him then.

Car. By reputation only. He is the moſt cunning, careful, troubleſome old fellow you ever met with in your life, and for ſuſpicion, no duenna ever equall'd him.

Flo. (*Gaily.*) Seriouſly?

Car. An eye like a hawk.

Flo. So much the better.

Car. Can ſcent a cheat like a hound.

Flo. Admirable! *this* is an enemy worth entering the liſts with!

Car. You'll loſe the day, Sir.

Flo. It will be the firſt time.

Car. You'll loſe the day I ſay.

Flo. Well, the purſuit will amuſe me, and that's the ſame thing. Return'd to England after a long and glorious campaign, I cannot remain inactive; therefore *now*, I declare war againſt all guardians and governeſſes, who cruelly deprive us of the pleaſure of admiring nature's maſter work, lovely woman! by ſhutting them up from the light of day, like jewels in a miſer's caſket. What you have ſaid of this old fellow delights me, I long to attack him, and *here* I'll commence the ſiege.

Car. But are you certain, Sir, the lady will be inclin'd to favour your pretenſions.

Flo. Yeſterday, at that little window ſo thickly grated, I heard her ſing ſome verſes full of grace and ſweetneſs, I cou'd not refrain repeating the laſt

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line; she began again, her voice trembled, and I am convinc'd she wou'd be happy to escape.

Car. In that case we won't lose a moment—The fortress is *impenetrable* on *this* side, I'll march round the ramparts; trace our lines of approach, our lines of defence, examine where we can make a breach most easily, and return to you as quick as possible.

[*Exit* Carling *round the house.*

Flo. Remember, I wait with impatience.

Song—Florival—*Rondeau.*

I ne'er have seen thee charming maid,
Yet I'll engage to set thee free,
I'll guard thee to a sacred shade,
Where, thou shalt live with love, and me;
Yes, yes, I love, I thee adore,
And when thy form has blest my eyes,
I feel, that I shall love thee more,
I know that thou'll repeat my sighs,

Da Capo.

Car. (Runs in.) Captain, Captain, I have discovered a window on the first floor without bars.

Flo. Well—

Car. A thin green curtain hangs within it.

Flo. That's the painter's study.

Car. We can establish a battery in the unfrequented alley underneath that window, and proceed as well as we can.—But, Sir, suppose this expedition succeeds, that we penetrate the citadel of the enemy, that we carry off the lady, what are *your* intentions?

Flo. If she is aukward, foolish, and quite uneducated, I will deliver her to her friends without the least ransom; if on the contrary she is, as I suspect, an assemblage of ev'ry thing lovely and accomplished, I will become her protector, present her to my uncle, and—marry her.

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Car. Lord, Lord! what will this world come to! —is it poſſible, Sir, that you, Captain Florival, ſhou'd think of a wife!

Flo. And pray why not? I am heartily tired of all intrigues where the heart is not concern'd; and feel, that I ſtill want the love and eſteem of a virtuous woman to enjoy *that* happineſs, after which I have been running ſo long.

A harp is ſtruck, and a few chords play'd.

Flo. That's charming!
Car. 'Tis the "*Inviſible Girl.*"
Flo. Peace!—

ROSELLA *ſings within the houſe, without appearing.*

Song—ROSELLA.

In life's gay ſpring I'm doom'd to mourn,
Abandon'd to a tyrant's will,
For ſuccour, whither ſhall I turn,
My guardian threatens ev'ry ill;
Ah ye, whoſe hearts love's pow'r confeſs,
Come *aid, relieve me* from diſtreſs.

Flo. What a voice! how ſweet and flexible!
CARLING—*Repeats ſinging.*
In life's gay ſpring I'm doom'd to mourn,
Flo. What taſte! what a charming ſtyle!
CARLING—*Singing.*
Abandon'd to a tyrant's will.
Flo. Hark!—
Second Verſe—ROSELLA.
In bondage muſt I e'er remain?
Kind hope juſt whiſpers in my ear,
A hero ſoon will break thy chain,
A gallant champion *now* is near;
Ah ye, whoſe hearts love's pow'r confeſs,
Come aid, relieve me from diſtreſs.

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FLORIVAL *sings.*

Guided by the god of love,
I'll thy cruel chains remove.

CARLING *sings.*

Heralds we, from cupid's court,
Will thy wondrous woes report.

All together.

Ruf. Ye whose hearts love's pow'r confess,
Come relieve me from distress.
Flo. Guided by the god of love,
I'll thy cruel chains remove.
Car. Heralds we, from cupid's court,
Will thy wondrous woes report.

Flo. If she wou'd but shew herself for a moment!

Car. That's impossible—for you must acknowledge there are more bars than one to your seeing her at present.

Flo. Such a voice as that must belong to a pretty woman—methinks I see her now, the sweetest countenance, most bewitching figure!—Ah Mr. Cerberti, were you an hundred times more formidable than you are—

Car. We would teach you, that no old painter in the kingdom shou'd lock up a pretty woman from *our* sight with impunity.—Do you, Sir, return to the hotel as a corps de reserve, and meditate a plan of attack; in the mean time, *I* hope to have a little skirmish with the enemy, and—

The door of CERBERTI's *house opens.*

Enter FRANCIS *and* CERBERTI, *who shuts the door himself, and double locks it.*

Car. That's our man.

Flo. Come in— [*Exeunt into the hotel.*

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Cer. (*looking after Florival.*) Who is that officer?

Fran. I don't know—loitering about here ſo early this morning.

Cer. Another moth come to ſinge his wings I fancy—Theſe gallants give me ſome trouble, particularly ſince (by the death of my ſiſter) the whole care of Roſella has devolv'd on me, and I firmly believe, all the world unite in wiſhing to torment me.

Fran. 'Tis your own fault—what devil put it into your head to fall in love with a little fool of eighteen. You live in fear of all the world, have even diſmiſſ'd all your ſervants but *me*; who, from being ſimply employ'd to grind your colours, am now porter, ſteward, cook, houſe-keeper, valet, and errand boy.

FLORIVAL *appears with* CARLING *at a balcony of one of the windows of the hotel.*

Flo. We ſhall hear what they are talking of.

Cer. Well, well—I want you to ſtep to the German hotel, and enquire if Mr. Kaiſerman, a famous picture dealer at Vienna—

Flo. (*Softly to Carling.*) Kaiſerman.

Cer. Arriv'd laſt night, as his letter adviſ'd me—wait till he gets up, and conduct him yourſelf to my ſtudy.—Yourſelf, do you comprehend me? and take care you do not make any miſtake.

Fran. Do not fear——Kaiſerman—what kind of a man is he?

Cer. I have never ſeen him.

Fran. Of what age do you ſuppoſe?

Cer. Oh—about——forty.

Fran. Very well: (*Florival and Carling go from the window*) but, Sir, do you think it prudent for us both to go out at the ſame time? perhaps Miſs Roſella——

Cer. She's faſt aſleep, and *that* is the only time you can depend on a woman's not having miſchief

in her head.—As I wish'd to go to the exhibition this morning, to place my last picture in a better light—I kept up Rosella last night, three hours beyond her usual time, that I might be secure she slept during my absence:—you know I manage these matters.

Fran. Yes, you do indeed. (*Here a letter, suspended to several bits of different colour'd ribbands tied together, descends gradually from the small window at the top of the house.*)

Cer. What a pity it is Francis, that so faithful a domestic as you are, shou'd *ever* grow old!—your sight seems to fail more and more ev'ry day.—(*Francis perceives the letter.*) And I don't think you have heard so well lately as you used to do. In short, I am determined to take that nephew of yours, the Gloucester lad; he will assist you; and his simplicity is so great, that—

Fran. My sight fails me, does it?

Cer. I did not mean to mortify you.

Fran. (*Continuing to observe the letter, which descends by degrees.*) I am blind and deaf, am I?

Cer. I did not say that.

Fran. And nothing *can* escape you.

Cer. What do you mean?

Fran. You believe, that Miss Rosella is asleep; look there. (*Pointing to the letter—Francis runs to take it.*)

Cer. Untie it gently, and she will believe it has fallen into the hands she wish'd.—Is this meant for the hussar officer!—how the devil cou'd she find him out at that window. Let's see——(*Florival and Garling appear listening at the door of the hotel.*)

CERBERTI, *at the front of the ſtage, begins to read—* FRANCIS *takes out his ſpectacles, and looks over him.*

CERBERTI *reading.*

"The intereſt, that you appear to take in my "fate, induces me to let down this letter by a line "of ribbands, by which means too, you may ſend "an anſwer."

FLORIVAL *takes out his pocket-book, tears out a leaf, and begins to write.*

CERBERTI *reading.*

"Tell me your name?" (*Florival writes.*) 'Tis written with a pencil, and in ſuch a hurry!

FRANCIS *reads.*

"Your intentions."

CERBERTI *continuing.*

"Your intentions, and what I have a right to expect." (*Florival continues to write.*) "My guar-"dian is a perfect Argus"—ridiculous—"but per-"haps we may be able to outwit him"—we ſhall ſee.—"My father died in the field of battle; I "have ſome fortune, am eighteen, poſſeſs a figure "that's thought agreeable, am a giddy, thoughtleſs "creature, with a gaity of diſpoſition that nothing "can depreſs; and above all, a good heart, which "I offer with my hand, to *him*, who will reſcue me "from this ſlavery.——Roſella." (*Florival approaches, liſtening with the utmoſt attention.*)

Flor. Charming!

Cer. What a jade!—(*Reads.*)—Poſtcript, "every "morning this ribband will mutually communicate "our thoughts, and the reſult of our deliberations,

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" to each other;—tye your anſwer quickly to it."
—(*Florival gives his letter to Carling, who ties it to the ribband.*

CERBERTI *reads.*

" And let me know, by clapping your hands
" once together——once together——when I may
" draw it up with ſafety."

Car. (*Softly to Florival.*) It is impoſſible to give the ſignal without being perceiv'd.

CERBERTI *remains immoveable, with his eyes fix'd on the letter in his hand, Francis looking ſteadfaſtly at him.*

Cer. What contrivance! What art!—in this audacious—

Fran. After the number of tricks ſhe has play'd you, ſurely you cannot care any more for her?

Cer. (*Sorrowfully.*) I love her better than ever.

Fran. (*Clapping his hands together.*) Ah! my poor maſter! then I pity you.

FLORIVAL'S *letter is drawn up to the oval window, and diſappears.*

Car. to *Flor.* Admirable!—don't loſe a moment.
[*Exeunt into the hotel.*

Fran. Conſider the youth of your ward.

Cer. It is the ſeaſon of love.

Fran. She is ſo heedleſs! and ſuch eternal ſpirits.

Cer. Talk to me no more of her imperfections.—I am determin'd, marry her I *will*.—(*Turns round*)—that's good—(*laughs*) Roſella has already drawn up the ribband, expecting, no doubt, to find a pretty tender anſwer. It certainly was meant for that officer.

Fran. I am afraid it was.

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Cer. He went into the hotel—I ſhall obſerve him a little.—Francis, go into the houſe again, lock up all the doors, particularly *that* which leads to the hall, and remain ſentinel 'till I return.

Fran. Then I am not to go in ſearch of my nephew, I expect him to arrive this morning, and have not ſeen him ſince he was ſix years old; the waggon will ſet him down at the corner of the next ſtreet.

Cer. Phoo, Phoo, never mind; the boy will know where to find you;—go in I ſay, and do not let any body, let it be who it may, paſs the threſhold.

Fran. Not even the picture dealer from Vienna?

Cer. (*Impatiently.*) Zounds! not a creature I tell you! (*Puſhes Francis into the houſe, double locks the door, and puts the key into his pocket.*)

Cer. Ah, ha, my gallant captain, you'll ſend an anſwer will you?—come, they are ſnug I think, and *now* for the exhibition. [*Exit.*

CARLING *appears at the door of the hotel, and watches* CERBERTI *off, then beckons* FLORIVAL.

Car. Good! he has already taken the road to the exhibition.

Enter FLORIVAL, *diſguiſ'd in a large olive colour'd great coat, a powder'd wig, and ſmall gold lac'd cock'd hat.*

Flo. Theſe cloaths, which ſerv'd me at Franckfort, you know, with the loan of my landlord's Sunday wig, gives me entirely the air of a German.

Car. And *you* believe, that he will take you for this Kaiſerman, this picture dealer.

Flo. He ſaid, he had never ſeen him, and that he was to arrive laſt night; therefore why not? Allons, courage my boy! *I'll* follow Cerberti to the

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exhibition, place myself before one of his pictures, admire it with enthusiasm, and ask him who is the master?—he, of course, will tell me, I shall discover myself to him as Kaiserman,—we become friends, I accompany him home, gain admittance into the house, and love will do the rest;—Huzza?—Success to picture dealing.

[*Exit Florival after Cerberii.*

Car. I fear, he'll awaken the suspicions of the painter by some piece of absurdity, the old fellow is so cunning.—But, before I give more of my assistance in this business, let me see how it will affect my own private interests.—If my master marries this girl, of course, he'll reform, and be a good, domestic, dull, stupid, kind of person;—*I* shall loose my appointment as manager of *his* intrigues, and *then*, I am ruin'd—bad, very bad that.—Now, let me look on t'other side:—our beauty here, says, she is but eighteen, very gay, and very giddy;—my master of course will become jealous, and pay *me* well, to watch the conduct of my lady;—my lady will pay me double to keep *her* secrets, my profits will increase, I shall amass a sufficient sum in three or four years to retire from business, buy a cottage, get a wife, keep a pig, and live comfortably.

Song—CARLINO.

Oh dear! what a happy condition I'm in;
My fortune at length I have made;
For masters, I care not a fig, rush, or pin,
I'll retire, and soon leave off trade.

Farewell the delight,
Of waiting all night,
For master in vain,
In snow, hail, or rain,
Or kicking my heels at the door;

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Hair dreſſing,
Coat threſhing,
Shoe blacking,
Chin hacking,
Watch beating,
Thumps meeting,
Heads broken,
Bad token,
Knees ſhaking,
Teeth quaking,
These pleaſures I ne'er ſhall feel more.

Second Verſe.

Now hail! to the pleaſures the country will yield,
Remov'd from this noiſe, ſmoke, and dirt;
I'll wander through common, hedge, ditch, lane,
and field,
In defiance of ſcratch, bruiſe, or hurt.

With a nice little cot,
A wife, and what not,
A cow, and a calf,
But that isn't half
The comforts, I hope ſoon to know;
No labour,
A neighbour,
A wind mill,
A wife ſtill,
A grunter,
A hunter,
Nice mutton,
Feed gut on,
Good table,
And able,
T' enjoy all the bleſſings below.

CARLING *goes into the hotel, and continues liſtening at the door.*

Enter CERBERTI *and* FLORIVAL, *arm in arm.*

Cer. My dear Mr. Kaiſerman, it gives me ſo much pleaſure to ſee you!

Flo. I aſſure you *my* ſatisfaction equals yours.

Cer. It is to *your* care and attention, I owe all the ſucceſs my pictures met with in Germany.

Flo. O pardon me, talents like your's need only be ſeen, to be approv'd and admir'd; but why did n't you ſend me your Diana, which has ſo delighted me this morning.

Cer. I perceiv'd you regarded it with pleaſure.

Flo. The colouring ſo brilliant! the expreſſion ſo fine!—Where do you live?

Cer. At that houſe there—did you obſerve the character of the countenance, the modeſty—

Flo. Nothing eſcap'd me; and above all, the face; (*with warmth*) Oh that face!

Cer. The hands and arms ſo delicate, ſo lovely.

Flo. Oh 'tis nature abſolutely.

Cer. How do you like the tint of the ſkin?—(*Florival looking impatiently towards the houſe.*)

Flo. Fine, very fine.

Cer. The arrows that ſhe holds in her hand?

Flo. Admirable!—but we ſhall be able to diſcuſs the merits of the picture more largely in doors—come, let's go in.

Cer. Only juſt give me your opinion of the drapery.

Flo. Nothing can be more beautiful! the blue ſo fine!

Cer. The *green* you mean.

Flo. Ah, 'tis all one—but pray let us enter the houſe; I feel quite chilly this morning.

Cer. (*Aſide.*) This is ſingular—what makes him ſo anxious to get into the houſe.

Flo. (*Aſide.*) The devil! he heſitates.

Cer. (*Aſide.*) Is this really Kaiſerman?—Oh yes

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it muſt be. *(To Florival.)* How much did you get for my Jupiter.

Flo. Your Jupiter? The ſum you deſired me to aſk.

Cer. Five hundred pounds—that's well ſold.

Flo. Too cheap, too cheap—the eagle was worth all the money.

Cer. You told me in one of your letters, who brought it—was it not the Grand Duke?—

Flo. Of Bavaria.

Cer. Yes, I remember now—and who did you ſell my Venus to?

Flo. Your Venus—to the Archbiſhop of Cologne.

Cer. I ſhall dye with laughing.

Flo. *(Alarmed.)* Why, Sir, why?

Cer. I had painted my Venus ſo much in the preſent faſhion, that I think an archbiſhop might have prefer'd rather more drapery in a picture.

Flo. Why to be ſure, his Grace had ſome ſcruples, but he cou'd not reſiſt the beauty of the performance.

Cer. And for what ſum have you ſold it?

Flo. For a thouſand pounds.

Cer. Which of courſe, you have brought me.

Flo. No, payable in four months.

Cer. *(Aſide.)* Very prudent.

Flo. The money's ſure.

Cer. Oh, I have no doubt about it, I aſſure you; — but Mr. Kaiſerman, I muſt conſult you about a picture I have in idea.

Flo. An hiſtorical picture?

Cer. You ſhall judge.—It is only compoſ'd of two perſons.—The firſt is a cunning old fellow, who is guardian to a beautiful girl about eighteen—the model for which, I have in my houſe. *(Florival gets uneaſy.)* My ſecond figure, is a handſome young man—a very hero of intrigue—fine countenance, ſpeaking eye—perfectly well made; I have the model for *him* too in my eye—*(looking at-*

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tentively at Florival, who becomes more and more confus'd.) This young impudent dog, has undertaken to introduce himself into the house of the old man, and for that purpose, has taken the disguise of a German picture dealer;—the guardian, (who is a painter) becomes suspicious, and to convince himself, talks to him of a Jupiter, that he never painted, and a Venus, that he never dreamt of in his life. The young man becomes confus'd, plays with his hat, bites his fingers, and is so embaras's'd, that he does not know which way to look. (Florival, *as* Cerberti *speaks, does as he describes.)* Now, what do you think of my picture? don't you find the subject very touching.

Flo. (Apart.) Touching!—*(stammers)*—but Mr. Cerberti—the subject!——

Cer. (Seriously.) Come, come Sir, quit this language—you are nothing but a lover in disguise.—*(Approaches, and examines him attentively.)* Yes, and I have a strong suspicion, that you are neither more nor less than the officer I saw loitering about this morning.

Flo. Who——me?

Cer. Yourself—and I own the attack was bold, and worthy of you. I saw you at the exhibition, rivetted before my favourite picture; you flatter'd, and I confess, deceiv'd me—but your anxiety to enter my house, created my doubts. *(Florival appears much mortified.)* In case you should ever wish to enter the lists with me again, endeavour, Captain Machiaval, to conceal your desires better, to evade my questions, to repress your anxiety, not to mind the air being chilly, and above all, I beg, in the name of decency, that you will not place my Venus with the Archbishop of Cologne.

[Exit into the house, laughing violently.

Florival remains ſtupified.

Carling advances towards him.

Car. Well, Sir——

Flo. Now cou'd I, with all my heart, cut either that old raſcal's throat, or my own.—'Sdeath! to be taken in ſo eaſily.

Car. I told you, Sir, this fortreſs was inacceſſible, and I ſeriouſly adviſe you, to give up the idea—the enemy is too ſtrong.

Flo. Roſella, however, muſt be very pretty.

Enter PETER VINE ARBOUR, *with old ſaddle bags under his arm, ſeveral packets, and two letters in his hand.* —PETER *at the back of the ſtage—Glouceſterſhire dialect.*

Pet. By goles, this Lunnun is a huge pleace, I canno foind one ſtreet without running into another.

Flo. to *Car.* After my anſwer, and the hope I gave her, I cannot abandon her in this manner.

Pet. (*Approaching them.*) Maiſter, will you be ſo koind—

Flo. (*Looks, and turns from him directly.*) The devil!

Pet. Uncle told me in his letter, that maiſter was a queeriſh ſort of a buck, and egod, *this* is a rum un—mayhap it may be he.

Car. What do you want friend?

Pet. Pray, Sir, under favour, if'nt this Charles-ſtreet?

Car. Well——

Pet. Will you have the obligation to help me to foind the limner gentleman, who's on this direction? (*Gives him one of the letters.*)

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Car. (*Reads.*) "To Mr. Cerberti, painter."

Flo. (*Eagerly*) And what's your buſineſs with Mr. Cerberti?

Pet. Oh, I be come from Glouceſterſhire in the waggon, to live wi un, and help my uncle, who's very old, and groinds his paints.

(Florival *exchanges looks with* Carling.)

Car. (*Aſide.*) What a diſcovery!

Flo. to *Car.* A glimmering ray of hope breaks on me.

Car. A patent lamp you mean.

Flo. to *Pet.* Ah, my good fellow! is it you.

Pet. Certainly, Sir, it be I—Peter Vine Arbour—what then?

Car. (*Aſide.*) Peter Vine Arbour.——

Pet. Do you happen to know any thing of the limner.

Flo. I am the very man.

Pet. Dong it, I thought as much ſomehow—and pray, Sir, may I be ſo bold to aſk how uncle Francis does?—Lord, lord, I have n't ſeen un ſin I was quite a younker. (*Florival and Carling make ſigns.*) Where is he? that I may aſk his bleſſing.

Car. He is gone out on buſineſs—but will be back immediately.

Pet. to *Car.* Why, does your honour too know uncle?

Car. Yes, I am Mr. Cerberti's partner.

Pet. (*Pulling off his hat.*) Oh, mun, you make pictures too, do you—but I muſt not forget ſomemust I was to gi into your own hand.

Flo. (*Gaily.*) Ah, ha, what's that? (*Peter draws a leather purſe out of his boſom.*)

Pet. Why, a whole ſolght of money from our town, for the great landſkip you painted of Nel-

ſon's victory in the town-hall;—and here's a letter, ſigned by a great many of the farmers, who want ſomething ſmart for the market-place—this is he I believe?

Flo. (*Taking the letter.*) Yes, yes, 'tis quite right—who is the other letter for?

Pet. For uncle Francis, ſee; (*gives it him*) it comes from mother, *his* ſiſter Dorothy, who he loves mainly. He ſent a letter ſome time agone by our neighbour, maſter Cartwright, the corn-factor.

Flo. (*looking attentively at* Carling,) Sister Dorothy—neighbour Cartwright—(*aſide*) draw him away Carling.

Pet. (*Gathering up his parcels.*) Now, Sir, I be ready—I am to go wi you, be an't I?

Flo. In a minute—(*aſide to* Carling) how the devil ſhall we get him from hence?

Pet. (*aſide, looking at them.*) I'd lay a good *hapenny* now, they be talking of I—I dare be ſworn they think me a good, comely, tightiſh looking lad, an they like me *now*, dong it! what will they ſay when they ſee me a Sundays.

Car. (*Helping* Peter *to take up his luggage.*) You have a good deal of luggage.

Pet. Lord mun, there be nothing to what I have brought wi. I—Why there be my beſt coat, two cheeſes, my ſilver buckles, a tub of butter, three white ſhirts, and a gooſe, all left at the great houſe we ſtop'd at there, in next ſtreet.

Car. What, the Saracen's Head?

Pet. Aye, Sir, aye—the ſcarce man's head, for I am ſure I never ſeed ſuch a one in my life.

Flo. You have *left* them.—That was very imprudent.

Pet. (*Alarmed.*) I cou'd not bring all—and they ſaid they wou'd be ſafe.

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Flo. Moſt likely; but they will be mix'd with all the reſt of the *baggage*, and expoſ'd to ev'ry body.

Pet. Oh let me run, I ſhall be cheated and chouſ'd here; mother told me ſo.

Flo. Run then my good fellow, quick, and bring the reſt of your things to me, at that houſe; (*ſhewing him the hotel*) you'll remember it?

Pet. Oh yes, Sir, and you'll take care of theſe things, while I am gone?

Car. I'll take particular care of them.

Pet. I'll go for my beſt coat, (*going returns*) and the cheeſes, (*goes a little way, and returns*) my ſilver buckles, and tub of butter, (*goes and returns*) my white ſhirts, and gooſe.

Florival *and* Carling *have been very impatient during this*; *at laſt* Carling *runs and puſhes him off at the ſide ſcene, then ſpeaks, looking after him, louder and louder.*

Car. The firſt ſtreet on the right hand—in the middle there—under that gateway. (*Runs to* Florival.) He is already a good way off.

Flo. *Now* Carling!

Car. I underſtand, Sir; (*taking up* Peter's *luggage*) I'll go into the hotel, and equip myſelf in a minute.

Flo. Here, take theſe letters, and the money; be as aukward as poſſible, and imitate *his* jargon, as well as you can.

Car. Never fear.

Flo. I'll wait his return here, and take him into the hotel, which he believes to be Cerberti's houſe; I can eaſily keep him there, and leave the coaſt clear for you.

Car. (*Speaks very faſt.*) Now, Fortune ſtand our friend!—do you, Sir, retire into the alley as ſoon as I get into the houſe, and wait there, 'till I make

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a signal from the window of his study, and instruct you how to proceed. I hope to introduce you into the citadel, and force the enemy to capitulate on our own terms. [*Runs into the hotel, and takes the parcels with him.*

FLORIVAL *retires*—CERBERTI *and* FRANCIS *come out of the house, and lock the door.*

Cer. I tell you, 'tis but eleven o'clock.

Fran. My poor boy is certainly arriv'd by this time, therefore, I'll make as much haste as possible —(*going, perceives* Florival *at the back of the stage*)— the captain here again!

Flo. (*comes forward.*) Do not be alarmed, Sir, at seeing me so soon again.

Cer. Me, Sir, Oh, no, I assure you.

Flo. I cou'd not quit the field of battle, without paying my homage to the conqueror; and let me tell you, old gentleman, you may feel very proud at having overcome one, who never failed in an expedition of this sort before, (*aside*) nor will he in this I believe.

Cer. It is no longer then Mr. Kaiserman, to whom I have the honour of speaking:

Flo. (*With dignity.*) No, Sir—it is to an impudent young fellow called Florival, a captain of light horse; aid de camp, and nephew, to General Agincourt.

Cer. (*Aside.*) Agincourt!

Flo. Who never can forget the wisdom, prudence, and knowledge of the world, display'd by Mr. Cerberti. (*Aside.*) I must detain him till Carling comes.

Fran. Come, Sir—my poor boy!

Flo. (*Aside.*) All is lost.—May I flatter myself, Sir, that you no longer harbour any resentment? (*aside*) the clown will return.

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Cer. On the contrary, Sir—I am grateful for the honour you intended me, in running away with my ward; however, I shall only be more on my guard in future. (Florival *during this, is very uneasy, looking first at the hotel, and then t'other way.*)

Flo. (*Aside.*) The devil! Carling does 'nt come!

Cer. What's the matter? you seem in a mighty fidget.

Flo. Oh not at all, I assure you; (*aside*) I shall run wild in a minute.

Cer. (*Ironically.*) You expect, perhaps, some reinforcement?

Flo. (*Aside.*) Nothing can escape him—(*Perceives* Carling *at the door of the hotel.*) Oh no—I acknowledge *your* superiority, and bow before it; permit me therefore, to make an honourable retreat, and leave you in quiet possession of the field.

[*Exit. Bows and—*

Cer. (*Musing.*) The nephew of my old patron General Agincourt (Carling *creeps out of the hotel, and gains the back of the stage dress'd like a countryman,* Peter's *bandles on his back, and letters in his hand.*)

Car. Lord, Lord! how tir'd I be!—why there's no end to this Lunnun, up one street and down another, *backwards*, and *forwards*, to and fro, such a jolting, and shoving, and rattling, and scolding, my poor head's quite turn'd, as it were.—I ask'd a man, a quaker I think they call un, which way I was to go? and he told me always to keep in the right road; and so I turn'd down a place on my right hand, and came plump against a brick wall—I ask'd another, and *he* told me my nose wou'd be the best guide—as if I cou'd smell un out!—At last, I ask'd a main pretty, civil looking young woman, which was the way to one Mr. Gerbert's, and she told me to go to hell, for he kept the gate there.

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Oh, there's one mayhap may gi a civil anſwer.—(*Approaches* Cerberti *and* Francis.) Pray, Sir, be ſo kind to tell me where to find this gentleman?

Cer. (*Reading.*) "To Mr. Cerberti."——*My* name's Cerberti.

Car. At laſt, I's found him then.—(Francis *looks with emotion at* Carling.)

Fran. Why, can it—ſure it muſt——are you Peter Vine Arbour?

Car. Yes I be.—Odds heart be' a't you Francis, *my* uncle? (*They embrace each other.*)

Cer. (*Reading his letter.*) Good—good!

Car. Here, here's a letter from mother; (*gives* Francis *the other letter*) and here, Sir, this money for you. (*Gives* Cerberti *the leather bag.*)

Cer. Yes, yes, I thought that picture wou'd pleaſe.

Fran. Well, my boy—I am ſo happy to ſee you; (*putting on his ſpectacles, and looking at him*) how like his mother he is: Ah—ſiſter Dorothy's eye to a tittle;—his father's noſe.—It's aſtoniſhing how ſoon one may find out a likeneſs in ſome people!—(Peter *enters with parcels, &c.* Cerberti *having read his letter, turns to* Carling.)

Cer. Well, I am glad to ſee you—behave like a good, careful lad, and you ſhall not want encouragement, Peter Vine Arbour. (Peter *juſt ſtepping into the hotel, hears his name; ſtops, and turns quick round.*—Florival *appears watching.*)

Pet. Why, that be I—(*approaches*) What's all this here?

Cer. What do you want, boy? what do you ſtare at?

Pet. Why, Sir, I heard you call one Peter Vine Arbour, and ſo, Sir, under favor, as that be *I*, juſt come from Glouceſterſhire, I'm here. (*They all ſtand aſtoniſh'd.*)

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Car. Odds heart! how he lies—*I* am Peter, the ſon of Dorothy Vine Arbour.

Pet. I don't lie—ſo be *I.*

Car. And I brought a letter from my uncle Francis.

Pet. No, no, *I* brought it, I tell ye.

Car. And one for Mr. Cerberti.

Pet. Why, *I* geed it un.

Car. (*Turns to* Cerberti.) There now!—and a purſe of money.

Pet. Why, I geed un that too.

Cer. O you ſcoundrel!—*this* is an errant impoſtor (*ſeizing* Peter)—I'll ſend for a conſtable, and you ſhall march to bridewell for this, ſirrah.

Car. No no, maſter, let *me* lick un:—(*pulling off his coat, which* Peter *obſerves*—(Florival *approaches, and begins to make faces and ſigns to* Peter, *which are obſerv'd by* Cerberti.)

Cer. I have it! I have it!—an emiſſary of the captain's;—aye, aye, make faces 'till you're tir'd; it won't do, it won't do.

Pet. I'll go after the gentleman, and he won't let you ſerve me ſo—you thief!

Car. (*Menacing him.*) Keep off mun, keep off.

Pet. I won't bear this—thoſe things be all mine. (*Obſerves* Florival, *who continues making ſigns.*) Oh, Sir, I be glad you is here, (Francis *and* Carling *ſeize hold of him*) don't let um ſend me to jail—tell em who I am at once.

Cer. Charming! (*Laughs.*) will you pleaſe, captain, to explain who this *gentleman, your friend,* is? —don't be angry with the poor fellow— (Florival *affects to look confus'd*) he might have taken ſome people in—but you did n't know your man here—releaſe the fellow.

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QUARTETTO.

CERBERTI, FLORIVAL, CARLING, *and* PETER.

During the Symphony, Carling *takes up* Peter's *parcels,* Peter *runs to him, and ſtruggles.*

Pet. They're *mine,* they're *mine,* let go I ſay.

CAR. PET. CAR.
They're mine. You lie. They're mine I ſay.

PETER *to* FLORIVAL.

Good Sir, come help to knock un down.

FLORIVAL *to* PETER.

No more of this, you ſtupid clown.

Cer. I die with laughing.
Flo. I with ſhame;
Cer. Good Sir, I thank you;
Flo. You're to blame.

FLORIVAL.

Oh wondrous wiſdom! talent rare!
T' admire, engage, and keep the fair;
You've baffled all my ſchemes and wiles;

Car. (*Aſide.*) The fox is caught in his own toils.

Pet. I'd give my coat, I'd give a crown,
I never had come to London town.

All. I feel perplex'd,
Car. I'm glad, *Pet.* I'm vex'd;
All. And laugh I muſt,
Pet. With rage I burſt
All. We're all deceivers, and deceiv'd,
This ſtory *ſcarce* wou'd be believ'd,

Florival *pulls* Peter *into the hotel;* Cerberti, Carling, *and* Francis, *exeunt into the houſe—the curtain falls.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

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ACT II.

SCENE I.

The inside of Cerberti's study—several pictures, statues, sketches, and busts, scatter'd about the room—among which, is a very large picture, representing Hector kneeling and receiving a scarf from Andromache; the figures as large as life—A marble on a pedestal to grind colours—a small stage cover'd with green baize, and chair on it—At the back of the stage, an irregular window, with very large panes of glass—the bottom of which is cover'd with a green curtain—a table and chairs.

Enter CERBERTI *and* ROSELLA, *speaking behind the Scenes as they enter.*

Roſella enters, ſpeaking with vivacity.

Say what you pleaſe, I will not ſit to day, that's ſettled—teize, teize, worry, worry!

Cer. You are the moſt capricious—the very ſpirit of contradiction.

Roſ. (*Smiling.*) Well, I am indebted to *you* for it; you have form'd my character, and if I am diſagreeable, croſs, ill temper'd, fooliſh, capricious, delight in contradiction, and poſſeſs ſeveral other amiable qualifications, it is'nt my fault.—Young people are very apt to imitate what they always have before their eyes.—I've caught it of *you*.

Cer. You delight in tormenting me.

Roſ. I muſt thank you for all your kindneſs to me!

Cer. (*Angrily.*) Roſella—you forget that I have been a father to you.

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Ros. No, continue to behave to me *as a father*, and I am content.

Cer. Have n't I had the entire care of your youth and education?

Ros. That is to say, the delightful employment of tormenting me without ceasing.

Cer. Dare you say this to my face?

Ros. (*With dignity.*) When the death of my father left me unprotected, he confided me to the care of your sister, whose memory will be always dear to me; not chain'd me to *your* authority!—in a word, you retain me here like a slave, deny me ev'ry comfort in life, and make me waste my youth, in sitting for your odious pictures.

Cer. That ought to flatter you.

Ros. Not at all—'tis to your want of ideas only, I am indebted for this great favour—you are so peevish and ill temper'd, you can't even *fancy* any thing agreeable. But (*recovering her gaiety*) I won't be serious; take my word for it, guardian, I shall be too much for you yet. (Cerberti *shakes his head incredulously at her, takes up his pallet, and prepares his colours.*)

Song—ROSELLA.

I.

Adieu to grief and sorrow,
Let mirth and joy prevail,
Leave care until to-morrow,
And present blessings hail;
Return ye laughing pow'rs,
Be gay once more my heart,
Let gladness gild the hours,
May love too, bear a part.

II.

Let jealous victims pine,
And waste their days in care;

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Let ſighing lovers whine,
They'll never gain the fair;
Their tears might fall in ſhow'rs,
They'd never gain my heart,
Let gladneſs gild the hours,
May love too, bear a part.

Cer. (*Smiling—continuing to paint.*) Oh, yes, yes ——to be ſure.

ROSELLA *ſings without accompaniment.*

There was a damſel liv'd in Spain,
She had a guardian moſt ſevere,

Cer. (*Speaks.*) Aye, aye,—very likely.

ROSELLA *ſings.*

She cheated him of all his gain,
She ran away with one moſt dear.

Cer. Indeed.

Roſ. Oh! how happy I ſhou'd be in her ſituation.

Cer. What's that you ſay?

Roſ. That it wou'd give me the greateſt pleaſure, to act juſt as ſhe did. (*Sings.*)

Let gladneſs gild the hours,
May love too bear a part.

Cer. You are ſo ridiculous this morning? What has put you in ſuch ſpirits?—I thou'd have thought you wou'd have been diſappointed; the letter you—

Roſ. What do you mean?

Cer. (*Approaches her.*) Why, the letter you let down by a ribbon this morning——I dare ſay now, you think the perſon to whom it was addreſs'd, has received it,

Ros. I do, upon my honour.

Cer. (*Produces it out of his pocket.*) But, look *here*.

Ros. (*Endeavouring to take it.*) I really don't comprehend you.

Cer. (*Preventing her.*) You see, nothing can escape me, it is in vain—

Ros. (*With impatience.*) For heav'ns sake! tell me—is *that* my letter?

Cer. Now, how will you explain yourself?

Ros. How came you by it?

Cer. You must be angling out of window, must you!—*I* saw the bait thrown out, gave a snap, and carried it clean off; you drew in your line, and found to your disappointment, that the gudgeon wou'd n't bite—the biter's bit, the biter's bit.

Ros. The biter *is* bit indeed—*that* really is *my* note.

Cer. It is.

Ros. Well! (*Laughs, and takes a letter out of her bosom.*) and here's the answer.

Cer. (*Offering to snatch it.*) How!

Ros. Softly, softly; ev'ry one his own—(*reads the letter,* Cerberti *looks over her.*) "My name is Florival, I am aid-de-camp, and nephew to a celebrated general; I have the most ardent affection for you, and swear to unite *my* fate with *yours*." His intentions are honourable, you perceive.

Cer. (*Reads.*) "I cannot explain myself more at present, I even write this, in the presence of your guardian," (Cerberti *starts*, Rosella *reads*,) "whom I hope to deceive more than once, as easily as I do at present—Love, hope, and impudence, assist me!" (*Laughs.*) How! were *you* there!—did he write this before your eyes—

Cer. Yes, as all the devils wou'd have it. (*He approaches the large picture, and sits down before it, with an air of chagrin.*)

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Ros. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha—this charming Florival must have wonderful address—he's a handsome man, is n't he?—fine form, animated countenance, penetrating eye!—Guardee, now do begin a portrait of him,—you take such admirable likenesses; it will delight me!

Cer. (*With impatience.*) Rosella!—(*Tries to paint, beats the ground with his foot, flings away several pencils, takes others, and exhibits the greatest mortification and impatience in his manner.*)—(Rosella *stands smiling, and watching him.*)

Enter FRANCIS *and* CARLING, *with saddle-bags under his arm.*

Fran. Put them down there boy, there, under that table. (Carling *affects the utmost awkwardness, and in putting them down, his foot slips;* Francis *catches him.*)

Ros. This, then, is the young man you have expected with so much impatience;

Fran. Ready to render you every service in his power, Miss Rosella,

Car. (*Bows.*) Yes miss, yes, I'll do my very best to serve you. (*Aside to* Francis.) Be n't that the young woman that plagues master so?

Fran. Hush, hush!

Car. (*Aside.*) She is beautiful!

Ros. to *Fran.* What does he say?

Fran. That he hopes his services may be agreeable to you.

Car. (*Continuing to bow.*) I be come, all the way from Gloucestershire, to wait of you, miss, and obey the orders of master there; (*Points to* Cerberti) and I be so bold to hope, I may make myself agreeable, you see.

Cer. (*Painting.*) That's a good lad—very well.

Ros. I suppose, then, you intend this fool, to be tied to my heel wherever I go.

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Car. (*Giggling.*) This fool, miſs—Oh! you'd like me mainly, if you know'd me.—(*Aſide.*) let's try.

Cer. Francis!

Fran. Sir.

Cer. I have no more black, grind ſome.

Car. (*Aſide.*) I'll grind you well, before I've done with you, old Gentleman.—(Roſella *takes out* Florival's *letter, and reads it eagerly*—Carling *perceives it, approaches her, touches her on the arm; ſhe continues to read, her eyes fix'd on the letter, without ſeeing him.*)

Cer. (*to Fran.*) Do you know why Watkins has not been to ſit to me to-day?

Fran. Poor fellow, he is ill in bed.

Cer. Zounds! how unfortunate! (Roſella *raiſing her eyes, perceives* Carling *making ſigns to her.*)

Roſ. (*Laughs.*) Why, I believe the booby's making faces at me.

Cer. (*riſing quickly.*) How!

Fran. You make faces at Miſs Roſella. (Carling *twiſts his face about very much, then ſhuts one eye.*)

Car. Me uncle!—I've got ſom ut in my left eye, that hurts me ſo!

Cer. (*Taking hold of his head, and looking at him.*) I am ſorry the poor fellow is in pain; there, never mind—(*to Francis*) and Watkins really is at home ill;

Fran. Not dangerouſly, I hope, but he can't come out.

Cer. How very unlucky!—the exhibition will only continue open a week longer, and I ſhan't be able to ſhew my beſt picture; (*points to the large one*) the man who has ſat for the figure of the ſoldier is ill, and cannot come: Roſella herſelf, (who is the chief ornament of the piece) is determin'd, by not ſitting, to prevent my finiſhing it, which I cou'd do in a few hours; and finally, to ruin my reputation. (*Throws down his pencils, and flings himſelf*

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back in the chair.—During this, Francis *conducts* Carling *to the marble, and teaches him to grind.—A ſudden thought ſtrikes* Roſella.)

Roſ. (*With dignity.*) No, I never will reproach myſelf with having injur'd your reputation, or ſlighting thoſe talents I admire;—whatever may have been your harſhneſs, your fame is dear to me —take up your pencils,—I am ready.

Cer. Oh! you reſtore me to life.

Roſ. But it is on one condition only.

Cer. Name it.

Fran. to *Car.* (*Who is liſtening to* Roſella.) Why don't you mind what I ſay.

Roſ. If I ſit for the picture to-day, I muſt go to the exhibition to-morrow.

Cer. (*Angrily.*) To the exhibition!—why, pray?

Roſ. I wiſh to ſee the pictures, and above all, that famous one of yours, which *you* ſay every body admires ſo much, [Francis *goes out.*

Cer. Rather ſay, you hope to meet Florival there.

Roſ. Ah! I *wiſh* I may.

Cer. With whom, perhaps, you have made an aſſignation.

Roſ. Perhaps I have.

Cer. And who, watching an opportunity, may ſeize your hand.

Roſ. Probably.

Cer. Slip a note in it.

Roſ. Such things are.

Cer. Perhaps even, preſs it to his lips!

Roſ. Nothing unnatural in that.

Cer. And all *this*, in my preſence.

Roſ. Very likely indeed.

Cer. Do you think I ſhou'd be ſuch a dupe?

Roſ. No exhibition, no ſitting.

Cer. O impudence!

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Ros. It does n't ſignify—I ſhall go to my own room. (*Going.*)

Cer. But hear me then.

Ros. I tell you again, I am determin'd—No exhibition—no model. [*Exit.*

Cer. I never, never will conſent to ſuch a plan; Roſella! Roſella! [*Exit following her.*

Car. It will do, it will do! (*Goes to the window, lifts up the green curtain, and looks out.*) I don't ſee my maſter yet—this girl is really beautiful; I thought the rogue wou'd have diſcover'd me, for I cou'd not find a moment to tell her who I really was—this old Francis, my very dear and honor'd uncle, peſters me with ſo many queſtions concerning Glouceſterſhire and his family, that I am in continual hot water. If he aſks me any more, I believe, it will be the ſafeſt way to kill all his old friends at once—Dead men tell no tales. Huſh! he's coming. (Carling *ſits down to grind the colours, and ſings.*)

Song—CARLING.—(*Glouceſterſhire.*)

If ever I marry a wife,
If ever they take me in life,
'Twill be the worſt day in my life,
For women are rare plagues, I know;
Poor Adam found *that* to his coſt,
And ſo did Will Homely our clerk;
By Eve, was fair Paradiſe loſt,
But Moll ſtole *his* wig in the dark!
Tol de rol la re.

Car. (*Liſtens.*) No, he's not coming—I muſt n't forget my maſter; (*lifts up the drapery*) there he lis, under the window—I'll profit by this favorable opportunity. (*Goes to open the portmanteau, hears a noiſe without, runs to his work again.*)

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Sings.

In liquorpond-ſtreet, as is well known to many,
An artiſt reſided who ſhav'd for a penny,
Cut hair for three-halfpence, for three-pence he bled,
And for four-pence, wou'd draw every tooth in your head.
Derry down.

Francis comes in, and waits 'till he has done; he carries a parcel of colours in his hands.

Fran. Well done, my boy—Ah! that's the way I uſ'd to ſing in my youth—but I never had ſo fine a voice.

Car. I was always reckon'd the beſt ſinger in our village, and at church a Sundays, you might hear me at turnpike gate, which is a good mile, an the wind ſet that way.

Fran. Is Mr. Tomkins ſtill the vicar?

Car. Yes, that tall, fat, red fac'd man.

Fran. Tall, fat, red fac'd!—Why, he uſed to be very pale and thin, and not taller than this.

Car. Oh—that was the old one—I mean our preſent parſon—his—nephew.

Fran. Your mother never mention'd his death in her letter—and my old companion Joe Lather the barber?

Car. Lathes the barber!—Oh! brushes on much the ſame.

Fran. Does he drink as much as ever?

Car. Yes, quite as much; both him and his wife.

Fran. His wife—then he's very lately married.

Car. *(counting on his fingers)* Let me ſee, let me ſee—two months.

Fran. And who has he married?

Car. Who has he married. Why—the widow—of the old—public-house keeper—who lives there—near the squire's.

Fran. Giles?

Car. Aye, that's it—yes, Giles.

Fran. Another of my old friends.

Car. Well, *his* widow.

Fran. Poor Giles too dead!—but *every* body dies in Glouceſterſhire, I believe.

Car. The breaking up of the froſt laſt year, did a deal of harm.

Fran. Poor fellow!—you have n't told me any thing of your ſiſter yet.

Car. My ſiſter,—ſhe is,—*you* know very well how ſhe is.

Fran. Still the ſame, I ſuppoſe?

Car. Aye, a moſt unlucky creature.

Fran. Indeed?

Car. She canna get any employment—ſhe does nothing but run up and down houſe idle all day long.

Fran. Up and down the houſe. Why, your mother told me in her laſt letter, that ſhe had had a paralytic ſtroke, and cou'd n't ſtir.

Car. (*Alarmed.*) Oh yes, I know *that* very well.

Fran. In conſequence of which, I have conſulted Mr. Emulſion, our apothecary.

Car. (*Gigling.*) Oh, you gave into it, did you! Lord, mun, that were but a fetch.

Fran. A fetch!

Car. (*Slyly.*) There was,—ſhe had a gallant in her eye.

Fran. A gallant?

Car. Aye, mun—that were the reaſon.

Fran. Well, I never yet heard of a girl *ſhamming* a paralytic ſtroke to ſecure a huſband; if ſhe had only tried a loſs of ſpeech, I ſhou'd n't have wondered if it had ſucceeded.

Car. He offer'd to marry Sal, and mother did n't make any objection; but, I don't know how it happen'd, ſiſter all at once, droop'd as it were, grew very fat, and mother thought it beſt for her to ſtay up ſtairs—ſo, ſhe told neighbours, Sal had a paralytic ſtroke, but lord mun, 'twas quite a different affair—You underſtand.

Fran. Aye, aye—well marriag'd.

Car. Is n't it. (*They both laugh heartily.*)

Fran. But I forget, 'tis near dinner time—go and grind theſe colours for your maſter——Poor Giles!—Joe Lather too married, without letting *me* know. [*Exit.*

Car. I thought he wou'd have caught me, in ſpite of all my inventions. If I am to have a bliſter on my tongue, for ev'ry lie I have told, lord, lord! I ſhan't be able to ſtir it this twelvemonth! My poor maſter muſt be dying with impatience, ſo, as the firſt ſtep to his preferment, come forth my rope ladder, which I ſlip'd in here, and which is indiſpenſible in our preſent circumſtances. (*Goes to open the ſaddle-bags,* Francis *returns.*)

Fran. (*Speaking as he enters.*) I have forgot to take the things you brought into my chamber.—(*Takes up the bags.*) My maſter does n't like to ſee *litters* in his painting room.

Car. (*Very much diſconcerted.*) Leave it, uncle, let *me* take it—no, no, I wunna ſuffer that.—I be n't ſuch a bumpkin! (*Endeavours to take them out of his hands.*)

Fran. Never mind, boy, go on with your work; I'll take them. (*Going.*)

Enter CERBERT *on the oppoſite ſide, in a paſſion.*

Cer. Francis!

Fran. Sir. (*Puts down the ſaddle-bags.*)

Cer. Come here. Roſella won't give up the ex-

hibition to-morrow;—ſo, I have promiſ'd to take her.

Fran. I wou'd not adviſe you to do ſo, ſhe'll ſlip thro' your fingers, as ſure as fate.

Cer. Pho, pho, never fear. She is now dreſſing to ſit for that picture.

Fran. And who is to ſit inſtead of Watkins?

Cer. I propoſ'd Peter, your nephew, but Roſella declar'd againſt *him*, and with reaſon, for certainly he is intolerably aukward. (*Turns round, and finding* Carling *engag'd, beckons* Francis.) Come here, an idea has ſtruck me. (*During the following dialogue,* Carling *gently opens the ſaddle-bags, and takes out a rope ladder, which he hides among ſome drawings, that lie ſcatter'd about, then ſhuts, and replaces it.*)

Cer. You know, the barracks are cloſe by.

Fran. Yes.

Cer. As I merely want the drapery finiſh'd, cou'd n't you procure a ſoldier, (who's not on guard) to come and ſit to me, for two hours?

Fran. I ſhou'd think, very eaſily.

Cer. Tell him, he ſhall be well paid for his trouble, and chooſe one about the age, and as near the ſize of Watkins as poſſible.

Fran. Leave that to me. (*Going.*)

Cer. (*Detaining him, ſpeaking very low.*) And above all, don't bring any one that's *recommended* to you, there may be a ſcheme in that; chooſe for yourſelf, and take care you don't introduce a dangerous emiſſary.

Fran. Be eaſy, Sir, leave *that* to me.

Car. Be I to go wi you, uncle?

Fran. No, no, ſtay where you are. [*Exit.*

Cer. to *Car.* And do you take care, and execute faithfully, what I have told you.

Car. Yes, Sir.

Cer. If Roſella gives you any letters, or orders,

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or asks you any questions, come and tell me directly.

Car. Yes, Sir.

Cer. Mind you follow her wherever she goes, and don't lose sight of her a moment.

Car. Yes, Sir.

Cer. (*Taking up his pallet again.*) At last, then, I shall get to work.

Car. (*Aside.*) If I could but discover myself to her.

Enter ROSELLA.

Cer. Why, you are not ready yet.

Ros. Before I change my dress, let me be certain, that we understand each other thoroughly.

Cer. Some fresh disappointment, I suppose.

Ros. I am to go to the exhibition to-morrow, am I not?

Cer. Certainly; I have promis'd.

Ros. *You* are to conduct me there; but, remember, I won't either go before the doors are open, or *after* all the smart company have left it, and not a creature remaining, but a few old connoisseurs, who are so much taken up in admiring copies, that they pay no attention to originals—you must promise to take me at the most fashionable time, or I'm off the bargain.

Cer. (*Hesitating.*) Must I promise *that* too.

Ros. You must—and when you have given me *your* word, I'll freely pledge *mine*, for the other part of the agreement.

Cer. This is too much!

TRIO—ROSELLA, CERBERTI, CARLOS.

Ros. Can I my word forego?
Conscience whispers, no;
Shall I poor guarded sex
Mischief whispers, yes.

Cer. Ah, shall I let her go?
Prudence whispers, no;
Shall I keep well with miss?
Policy says, yes.

CARLING—*grinding his colours.*

Tal de ral, de ral lal,
Cou'd I let her know;
Tal de ral, de ral lal,
There is one below.

[*Points to the window.*

Cer. I'll agree, so now shake hands;
Ros. As I wish'd, the bargain stands.

[Rosella *going.*

CARLING *at work, sings.*

"Heralds we, from Cupid's court,
"Will thy wondrous woes report."

ROSELLA *stops surpriz'd, and returns.*

Ros. As I wish'd, the bargain stands,
Cer. I agree, so now shake hands.

(Rosella *looks at* Carling, *with the utmost astonishment;* Cerberti *watches him too. He continues to grind without looking up.*

Ros. Suppose, as Watkins is ill, you were to try that simpleton. (*Points to* Carling.)

Car. (*Approaching.*) Do you want me, miss?

Ros. Tho' to be sure, he is so aukward!

Car. (*Aside.*) I belong to Florival.

Cer. No, no, as you said this morning, he is so intolerably stupid, he cou'd not preserve the necessary attitude.

Ros. (*Vex'd.*) I own at first sight—but he seems so desirous to please, that——

Car. Aye—miss knows me *now*.

Cer. No, I am provided—a ſoldier is coming to ſit.

Roſ. A ſoldier!

Cer. Whom I expect ev'ry minute.

Roſ. Oh, in that caſe, I'll run and prepare myſelf directly. (*Going aſide.*) A ſoldier!—Florival's valet here—I cannot make out what this means.

[*Exit.*

Enter FRANCIS *and* CARLINE, (*Light Horſeman*).

Fran. Sir, here's the perſon. (Cerberti *looks at the ſoldier attentively.*)

Cer. Very well—theſe are the things, put them on, and I'll be back immediately. [*Exit.*

Carb. You know I can't ſtay long, my buck.

Fran. Aye, aye, but you need n't be in ſuch a hurry;—you are not on guard.

Carb. That's true; but roll-call will be in two hours, and then, I muſt be there.

Fran. (*Pointing to an arm chair.*) Come, put your ſword and cap there.

Carb. (*Putting them down.*) There, old boy, and don't forget, (beſides the half-crown that I am to have) that you bring me a good bottle of port, to keep my eyes open.

Fran. Aye, aye, the beſt in the houſe. (*To* Carling.) Come and help us. (*Takes up a breaſt plate, and paſſes one of the ſoldier's arms through it, ſomebody knocks at the door.*) Was n't that a knock at the door?—now, give me the helmet—thoſe whiſkers. (*Another knock.*) Coming, coming! here Peter, help this brave fellow. [*Exit.*

Car. Yes, yes, uncle.

Carb. Is that your uncle?

Car. I'll make the beſt uſe of my time. (*Leaves the ſoldier with one arm through the breaſt plate, lets fall the reſt of the things, ſnatches up the ladder he had hid.*)

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Carb. Why, you won't leave me thus? monkey. (Calling *opens the window, and flings out the ladder, which he fastens to the top.*)

Car. Quick, quick, leave your cloak below.

Carb. (*With impatience tearing off the breast plate.*) What the devil have you brought me here for? (*runs to his sword, which he draws.*) Florival *appears at the window, jumps on the stage, and seems thunderstruck at sight of the soldier, who stands in a posture of defence near the window; after a moment, he recollects* Florival, *and salutes en militaire.*)

Flo. You here, Cartine!—how has this happen'd?

Car. (*In haste.*) I'll tell you all in a moment, Sir: (*to Carbine*) do you descend by that ladder, wrap yourself up in my master's cloak, which he has left below, wait for me in the guard-room, where I will join you very shortly, and instead of one bottle of wine, which the old fellow promis'd you, we'll have a dozen, and drink your captain's health, 'till we can neither stand or speak; there, go, go.

Carb. I obey orders—(*taking up his cap and sword.*)

Car. No, no, you must leave them, they'll be necessary.

Carb. (*approaching the window.*) You'll be accountable for this, captain?

Flo. Be easy. (*the soldier descending by degrees.*)

Carb. You'll take care of the things I leave, and particularly my sword. (*Disappears a moment, then puts his head into the window.*) Pray, remember my sword. (*Goes down.*)

Car. Now, Sir, rig yourself in these in a moment. (*Takes his hat, and bids him put on the breast plate.*)

Flo. What is this disguise for?

Car. (*Helping him.*) You are a soldier.

Flo. Is Rosella pretty?

Car. A perfect beauty!

Flo. How did I get here?

Car. The old servant Francis brought you from the barracks hard by, to sit for the drapery, and figure of *that soldier.* (*Points to the picture.*)

Flo. I am dying to see her.

Car. Hush, hush, they are coming.

Flo. Is she tall, or short?

Car. Speak lower.

Flo. Brown or fair?

Car. For heaven's sake! hush, Sir.

Flo. Black, or blue eyes?

Car. Here he comes. (*Pretends to be buckling on the breast plate.*—Francis *laughing behind the scenes.*) Above all, Sir, disguise your voice, speak very loud, and gruff.

Enter Francis, *laughing.*

Car. There, uncle, I've done the job.

Fran. (*Adjusting the armour.*) Very well, boy; the helmet rather lays over the eyes. (*Aside.*) What a brazen faced dog!—the whiskers a little higher. (*Laughs.*) The devil! we are to be dup'd at last, are we.

Car. (*Aside.*) We are discover'd—lord love your old head, what be you talking about?

Fran. (*Still laughing.*) An emissary of that plaguey captain.

Flo. (*Aside.*) How!

Car. Ah, I'd wager a penny, 'tis he that wanted to pass for I, come again.

Fran. You are right, boy—he wanted to persuade me, that he was the real Peter Vine Arbour; nay, even offer'd to shew me the watch and buckles that belong'd to your father, and which he said, were in a parcel with him; (Florival *and* Canling *become alarm'd*) but, I wou'd n't listen to him; as if I

did n't know the captain was at the bottom of all this.

Car. Aye, you may swear to *that* uncle—No, no, you are not to be had so easily—you understand trap——

Flo. to *Fran.* Well?

Fran. Upon which, I told him I'd send for a constable, gave him two or three smart blows with this cane, and shut the door in his face. (*They all laugh.*) However, the fellow must have liv'd in Gloucestershire, for he spoke to me, nay, even nam'd all my family.

Car. These rogues know ev'ry thing.

Fran. I have left him there, still at the door, determin'd to wait; but here comes my master.

Flo. (*Aside to* Carling.) Now for it.

Enter CERBERTI, *thoughtfully.*

Cer. I still think somehow, that Rosella will contrive to send to that officer—(*to* Francis) O, he's ready. (*Looks attentively at* Florival.)

Fran. He is very near the size of Watkins, isn't he?

Cer. to *Fran.* You are sure this is a soldier.

Fran. I chose him from an hundred, brought him myself from the barracks, and have not quitted the place since, but to answer the door.

Cer. I am quite satisfied.

Flo. Come master, shall we begin?

Cer. In a minute, my good fellow.

Flo. This masquerading begins to tire me most devilishly!

Cer. to *Flo.* How much am I to give you for your trouble? (*Florival rather embarrass'd.*)

Fran. Half a crown.

Flo. (*Eagerly.*) And a bottle of wine—remember that.

Fran. Yes, I promis'd him that.

Cer. You did right—he shall have two, if he likes; I know the brave. (*To* Francis.) Go fetch them. [*Exeunt* Francis *and* Carling.

Cer. Of what regiment are you?

Flo. Sixteenth light dragoons, quarter'd in the barracks close by.

Cer. Do you happen to know by chance, one Captain Florival, General Agincourt's nephew.

Flo. Do I know him! why, he commands the troop to which I belong, he's my own captain: last war, when we were in Egypt, I never quitted him.

Cer. He's a sad rake, is n't he?—a foolish fellow!

Flo. Oh, yes—wherever we were in garrison, not a day pass'd without his getting into some scrape or other.

Cer. As you know this Florival, you may do me a great service; when I begin to speak of him, do you endeavour to say all you can against him, for there is a young woman, a ward of mine.

Flo. (*Eagerly.*) Does the young person love him?

Cer. She is a simpleton, and I believe thinks a great deal more of him, than she ought.

Flo. (*Endeavouring to hide his emotion.*) Leave me alone—but come, sir, begin—I have but a short time to stay.

Cer. That's true—you observe that picture—(*pointing to the back-ground*) it represents the famous Hector—you know that hero I suppose.

Flo. Hector—in what regiment does he serve?

Cer. No, no, (*laughs aside*) he is not much versed in history I find.

Flo. (*Aside.*) How he chuckles at his own wisdom.

Cer. (*Takes hold of him.*) Come, kneel down—very well—the head a little bent down—the arms

extended—hands open, very well! ſtay as you are. (*Looks firſt at him, then at the picture,* Florival *affecting the utmoſt awkwardneſs, follows him with his eyes.*) No, no, you muſt n't move your head.

Enter FRANCIS *and* CARLING, *with wine and glaſſes.*

Car. (*Aſide.*) A pretty poſture for an aid-de-camp!

Flo. (*Aſide.*) The raſcal's laughing at me. (*To* Cerberti) The devil! am I to remain in this way all day?

Cer. (*Painting.*) Don't ſtir, I beg.

Fran. Here, Mr. Soldier, (*preſents a glaſs of wine to him*) are you inclin'd for a glaſs of excellent wine?

Flo. Now, that's what I call ſpeaking reaſon.—(*Riſes, takes the glaſs, and drinks* Cerberti's *health.*)

While he is drinking, enter ROSELLA *dreſs'd ſuperbly in the Grecian coſtume, the ſame as is repreſented in the picture.*

Roſ. (*Speaks as ſhe enters.*) I wonder who this ſoldier is?

Car. (*Softly to* Roſella.) It is my maſter.

Roſ. (*Aſtoniſh'd.*) Good heav'ns! by what means.

Flo. (*Aſide.*) Heav'ns! I imagin'd right.

Roſ. to *Cer.* Well, this is a miracle! a ſtranger! how came this ſoldier here?

Cer. By chance—he'll do very well.

Flo. Come old boy!—another glaſs. (*Drinks again, and returns the glaſs to* Francis.)

Cer. He knows your favorite Florival.

Roſ. Indeed!

Flo. Aye, that I do—A fool! love has turn'd his head I believe; a blockhead! that has been running after happineſs all his life, and never yet found

it;—among women, the most inconstant fickle fellow in the world hitherto, because he never was *truly* in love. (*Nods to* Cerberti.) What I tell miss, is very true.

Ros. (*Aside.*) He's very handsome—(*to* Cerberti) Is it with this soldier I am to sit to-day?

Cer. Yes.

Flo. I may appear awkward to miss, perhaps, but she will excuse the roughness of a soldier.

Ros. I love the military very much, I assure you.

Cer. to *Cer.* (*Pointing to a box of colours that stands on a table at the back of the stage.*) Bring me that box.

Ros. Did you serve abroad in the last war?

Flo. Yes, I went with the army.

Ros. You must have experienc'd great dangers.

Flo. Yes, but courage and address carried me thro'.—In all the engagements I have had the honour to be concern'd, I never was in so much danger as the last—I was wounded for the first time in my life.

Ros. (*With emotion.*) You were wounded.

Cer. (*Aside, examining the box of colours.*) Now he's recounting his exploits, he'll stay as long as I please.

Ros. Tell me, how was it?

Flo. 'Twas in a fort we had blockaded; the enemy's force was equal to our own; the governor was a cunning old fellow, and had seen a deal of service.

Cer. Those veterans are hard to deal with sometimes.

Flo. It was necessary to make an assault, and in such a case you know, somebody must go first; I volunteer'd, headed a party to scale the walls, and had the honour of setting my foot within the enemy's walls alone; I fix'd upon a small tower, which we had been previously inform'd, the immense treasures of the castle were conceal'd, seiz'd a ladder,

gain'd the front window, (*makes ſigns to* Roſella) but, had no ſooner enter'd this formidable place, than I receiv'd a ſtroke, juſt here, on this ſide.

Roſ. On the left ſide?

Flo. Yes, on the left ſide;—and ſuch a one as I never felt before.

Cer. Was it a ſhot?

Flo. Yes, I was ſhot quite through.

Roſ. But the wound, I ſuppoſe, is entirely cur'd by this time?

Flo. O no, miſs—I ſhall feel it the reſt of my life.

Roſ. The reſt of your life. (*Aſide.*) He's charming.

(*During this,* Francis *and* Carling *bring the little ſtage to the front of the theatre.*)

Cer. (*leads* Roſella *to it.*) Come, let's begin;—now Roſella, countenance elevated, eyes tender.

Flo. (*Aſide.*) What lovely eyes!

Cer. to *Flo.* Stand further. (*Adjuſts her train.*)

Flo. (*Aſide.*) What an elegant carriage!

Cer. The right foot a little advanc'd.

Flo. (*Aſide.*) Pretty little foot!

Cer. That will do—very well.

Flo. (*Aſide.*) I am enchanted!

Car. (*Laughs.*) I can't help laughing for my life.

Cer. (*Angrily.*) What's the booby laughing at—now my brave fellow, kneel down. (*Places him in the ſame attitude he was.*) Now Roſella give him your hand. (Roſella *heſitates.*)

Flo. Don't be afraid, miſs—give me your hand.

Cer. Why need you bluſh ſo?

Roſ. Indeed I cannot help it.

Cer. to *Flo.* Now look at her tenderly.

Flo. So—?

Cer. Yes, that will do very well—(*to* Roſella) now, look at him with modeſty and love.

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Ros. So?

Cer. Admirable?—I never ſaw your countenance ſo animated in my life; now, imagine you are ſaying to him—"it is for you only, I wiſh to live."

Ros. (*Repeats.*) "It is for you only, I wiſh to live."

Cer. "I ſhall love you to the laſt moment of my exiſtence."

Flo. (*Repeats.*) "I ſhall love you to the laſt moment of my exiſtence."

Cer. No, no, *you* are not to ſay any thing.

QUINTETTO.—Cerberti *painting*, Florival *and* Roſella *ſitting to him*, Francis *and* Carling *at work behind*.

FLORIVAL.

The clouds diſperſe, the morning dawns,
And hope's bright ſun my boſom warms;

ROSELLA.

What joy do theſe ſhort moments give,
"For thee alone, I wiſh to live."

CERBERTI.

Bravo! bravo! head inclin'd,
This picture's really to my mind;
Nay, ſtir not prithee!

CARLING.

He's content,
He cares not how much time is ſpent.

FRANCIS.

Come, mind your work, grind, grind away,

CARLING.

Lord! I've been grinding all this day.

CER. FLO. ROS. CAR.
I'm charm'd; and I, and I, and I.

ALL.

How quick the moments ſeem to fly.

During the end of the quintetto, Francis *looking among the drawings and papers at the back of the stage, discovers* Florival's *helmet—compares it with the soldier's cap.*

Cer. A moment longer. (*Some one taps gently outside the window, they all start up.*) What the devil's that? (*tapping again.*)—

Carb. (*Calls softly outside the window*) "Holla! holla!" (*they stand astonish'd,* Carbine *pushes up the window, and puts his head into the room.*) The roll-call is beginning, do give me my sword.

Cer. What does this mean!

Carb. Don't lose time old gentleman, but ask Captain Florival for my sword.

Fran. His sword! Captain Florival! we are betray'd, we are deceiv'd.

Car. (*Giving him the cap and sword.*) There blockhead; Oh? I shou'd like to practise the roll-call on *you* a little. (*Shuts down the window in a passion.*)

Flo. (*Assuming his own manner.*) 'Tis time to explain myself.

Cer. How! are *you*——

Ros. That charming young officer; who, in spite of all your precautions, has gain'd admission here.

Cer. O rage!

Flo. Yes, Sir, that impudent young dog; who, shock'd to death at having plac'd your picture in such bad hands in Germany, to make you all the reparation in his power, came to sit to you himself.

Car. But how cou'd he get here!—Francis——

Car. (*Approaches.*) I sent the soldier out of window, and introduc'd my master in his place. (*Points to* Florival.)

Fran. His master!—O my poor boy.

[*Exit in haste.*

Cer. To dare enter my house in such a way.

Flo. When a garriſon reſiſts, it muſt be taken by aſſault.

Cer. But what do you think to gain by this?

Flo. Ev'ry thing I wiſh—theſe are the conditions *I* propoſe.

Cer. (*In a paſſion.*) Conditions!

Flo. You know *my* ſituation in life—I have a handſome fortune, am over head and ears in love, Roſella is beautiful, entirely free.

Cer. How!

Flo. I know you have no right to controul her inclinations; therefore, lay myſelf, my hand, and fortune, at her feet, if ſhe deigns to accept me, all reſiſtance on *your* part is vain—be adviſ'd, ſign the treaty of peace, and you ſhall enjoy all the honours of war.

Cer. I conſent!

Roſ. You oppoſe it in vain—I am at liberty to chooſe—(*to* Florival) your manner, behaviour, ev'ry thing conſpires to realize the idea I form'd, when firſt I ſaw you through the little grated window.—There, (*gives her hand to* Florival) I ſubſcribe to the treaty.

Flo. Come, come, Sir, pray ratify it—and when you again want to paint a beautiful head, Roſella ſhall ſit to you as long as you pleaſe.

Roſ. So I will guardee.

Fran. (*Introducing Peter.*) My poor Peter! no, I never will forgive myſelf for treating you ſo ill.

Pet. Why, to be ſure, you were finely taken in, both you, and maſter.

Cer. I, that had taken ſo much precaution! to be dup'd.

Pet. Yes, the old fox is caught ſure enow.

Cer. Ah—there's an end of the chace—here (*to* Florival) take her.

Cer. And I think, as we have had ſo good a run to-day, you cannot call this "a Wild Goose Chace."

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Flo. *Your* conſent increaſes our happineſs.—(*Points to* Roſella.) Here's the excuſe for all my folly—*(to the audience)* if *ſhe* can intercede for me, and *you* will deign to approve the abſurdities I have been guilty of ——

Roſ. *(continuing.)* *He* promiſes to be a Model for good huſbands; and *I*, following your kind example, will treat him with all poſſible indulgence, gentleneſs, and truth; in ſhort, *I'll* become a Model for gratitude.

FINALE.

Hail, happy day! for ever dear!
Moſt joyous of the circling year—
Our wiſhes gain'd, our hearts at eaſe;
Our only pleaſure, is, to pleaſe.

FINIS.

HAYDEN, Printer, Russell-Court, Covent-Garden.

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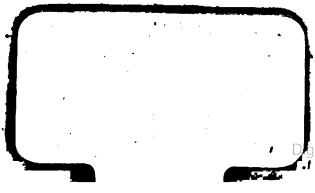
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